Mike Lyons's Place and Sts Varied Suests.

attle below Houston street, on the east side of the Bowery, is Mike Lyons's place. Speak of Mike Lyons's from Broadway to the East River, from Chatham Square to Cooper Union, and your words will mean something much more definite than if you said "Delmonico's" or "Sherry's." It is the Bowery's standard of what a restaurant

If you think the Bowery is a country



MIKE LYONS AS A CONFEDERATE RECRUIT. where all the inhabitants worship glitter and tinsel Mike Lyons's will be a sad disappointment to you. The tables, chairs, desks and table settings are quite apparently intended not for the pleasing of the artistic or luxurious eye, but for the very simple purpose of aiding in the transferring of food from the kitchen to the mouths of Mike Lyons's patrons.

A crayon portrait of the Hon. Timothy D. Sullivan, the presiding genius of the Bowery, is almost the only picture in the room. For the rest, the walls are decorated with placards bearing legends which remind one that the proprietor does not fraure the ability of some of his patrons to resist the temptation to appropriate clothing that is not theirs, announcements of grand annual balls" of all sorts of political and social organizations and pleasing advertisements of divers wines, liquors and

The restaurant occupies the ground floor of the space formerly occupied by two houses. In one corner of the front the proprietor has his office and one little booth. in which he and the members of his family and some of their particular friends may curtain themselves off at such times as they may not care to eat in the company of all the restaurant's patrons. All the rest of Lyons's is open to the

street to look upon.

There is a rule which is scarcely any-

thing more than a rule, for it is constantly disregarded, that the upper half of the restaurant is for women and their escorts and that the other half is for men alone. The big entrance vestibule opens into the lower half, but, by way of signifying that there is supposed to be a separate room for women inside, it has a partition through its middle and the doors on the right of the partition are labelled "Ladies' Entrance." somewhat to the bewilderment of those who enter for the first time and find that both entrances open into the same room.

As a matter of fact the division between

trary. The substantial folk of the East Side who eat regularly at Lyons's never have any complaints to make of the way their women folk are treated by the men diners in either half of the place. It is quite certain that they are not stared at and grinned at, except by a fresh young stray calf from uptown. And that is more than can be said of the prevailing conduct in uptown restaurants in these days.

At dinner time and after theatre time at might family parties of from three to eight

ait about the tables in either half of Lyons's in the utmost comfort and ease, while the life of the Bowery drifts in and out past them, observing the unwritten law of the Bowery-"Tend to your own business until you meet a guy that isn't attendin' to his-he's the sucker you'er after."

It is hard for one who eats downtown in the middle of the day to understand how a restaurant in lower New York can fail to make money. There is never room enough for those who go out to lunch at noon. And the restaurants that stay open until dinner time have a patronage that seems to justify their proprietors for their extra expenditure.

Lyons's never closes. It is just as busy at 4 o'clock in the morning as it is at 10 at night, and even busier. In this way it is



M. P. LYONS

an artery through which the real life current of the Bowery flows. To be sure, the panhandlers, the beggars who go back to the Bowery and Chatham Square to roost after the day's harvest is over, have no great use for Lyone's. They are known there. for one thing, and, for another, they are not approved. All of Mr. Lyons's friends know his chari-

ties. They say of him that he might have been a millionaire to-day had he not been so willing to cooperate with his wife in giving away his profits as fast as he made them. But the bum who is a bum inside and out has none of Mr. Lyons's sympathy. Besides the steady flow in and out of the folks who find one reason or another for being on the Bowery all around the hours of the clock, there are certain definite classes of patronage which give Lyons's

an especial color of its own. Along about 8 o'clock at night the organization jocularly known as the Firebugs' side of the restaurant. They are alert, prosperous-looking men, all of them, and they sit there, with interruptions, until daylight, chattering intensely about percentages, rates, values, risks and constantly comparing page after page of figures scribbled out in illustration of their arguments.

They make Lyons's their headquarters. first, because it is a comfortable place, where they can sit and drink in moderation without embarrassment, and, second

"THE MULBERRY STREET CROWD."

different gathering that used to meet in Lyons's years ago. These gentlemen are entirely reputable and scrupulous financiers, as Mr. Lyons will tell you any day if you ask him. But the old Firebugs Club was full of wicked scoundrels.

They used to conspire with policyholders to commit arson for profit. The police got after them and one of them confessed to save his own skin, and the other nine went to jail. The informer testified that most of the arsons they were responsible for were planned at the last table on the left-hand side of Lyons's ladies' room.

Then there is a constant succession of policemen dropping over from Headquarters, at 800 Mulberry street. There is



A BOWERY ACTOR'S PRUGAL MEAL

something about a policeman's tread on the white marbie floor that classifies him just as surely as does his uniform.

From inspectors to patrolmen, they come in uniform and in plain clothes. They hang up their belts and their helmets and fish their big revolvers out of their hip pockets and put them into their cost pockets for more ease, and then eat as only a health policeman can est

The waiters know most of them by name for the waiting staff at Lyons's is almost as much of a permanently organized body as is the Department of Police itself. So the waiters stand by and enjoy the luxury of chaffing a policeman without fear of what either of them might call a come

Not all the policemen who eat the Lyons

fare read off to him by the cashier, while he orders what he wants of the cooking that he has known since he first began to

because it is within easy reach of Police Headquarters, where there is a fire-alarm announcer, which they pay a boy to watch for them. This boy reports to them the instant a fire in the downtown district is heard of. They are insurance adjusters, who earn their living between the upper and the nether milistone of the fire insurance companies and the burned out.

They got the name of the Firebugs' Club through the sins of a similar but very and across and houston street and into the back entrance of the Headquarters building. But, nevertheless, it is still a great comfort to the inspector or captain kept all night at Headquarters on extra duty to be able to pick up his telephone and have the Lyons bill of learned how to deal, how to size up men, how to know at once the distinguishing marks of a "sucker," how to prevent a fight from starting, how to end a fight with distinction when it does start and all the other thousand and one shadings of a gambler's education. At night they come back to the land from which they went out.

come back to the land from which they went out.

The white lights of Broadway, the mahogany and the Dutch grill rooms and the rathskellers and the rest are not for them. They want the solid comfort of Lyons's. And especially is this true in the days of the activity of the man whom they darun because he has cut the profits of their trade to almost nothing, and call crazy because he will not go into partnership with them when they offer him the chance.

With fire adjusters, policemen, gamblers and firemen—for the firemen, too, come from all the nearby fire-angine houses to Lyons's for their meals—are always the politicians. The politician of the Bowery school never sleeps, apparently.

He sits by himself and nods pleasantly

school never sieeps, apparently.

He sits by himself and nods pleasantly to one man, holds the next who passes near him for half an hour's whispered conversation, makes loud oration to a third for the benefit of a group at the next table with whom he is not acquainted, salutes with gallantry the young fellows who bring their girls in after the festivities of an East Side ball, not infrequently making obvious comments on the young lady's bloom and sprightliness, which seem to displease neither the maid nor the swain. If it be a remarkable night, and there is no political grist for his mill, he will make up to one of the friendly cats that wander about under the tablecloths, not infrequently ordering a "portion of bluefish for the cat."

Mr. Lyons's waiters are quick and deft,

for the cat."

Mr. Lyons's waiters are quick and deft, but the service required of them is different from that which is asked by patrons of the uptown hotels. Nevertheless, your cat is a most excellent eradicator of the traces of hurried service. To the student of cat nature there is something unspeakably delightful in the proud and expectant and confident air with which a cat not otherwise occupied waits at the kitchen door for a waiter to appear and follows him, with head and tail upraised, whiskers quivering with attention, from the door to the table where he is to serve the food. Nor is the pursuit often in vain.

Though Mr. Lyons lives over the res-

Though Mr. Lyons lives over the restaurant, he is not seen about so much that the casual diner would be apt to pick him out offhand. He is in and out all the time. The chances are that if he were out and you were to ask the cashier where he was the answer would be.

that they were really guilty and would jump their bail, but because, in case he should die suddenly, it would simplify things for his executors.

Mike Lyons, however, will not discuss his bonding experiences. They are sacred ornaments behind the alter of friendship.

There is no better authority on the days of the Bowery when it was in its prime than Mr. Lyons. He was a boy in New Orleans when the Civil War started. He enlisted in the Confederate Army when he was 17 and served all through the war.

For a large part of the time he was a quartermaster on the staff of Gen. Lee.



THE HOPEFUL CAT.

At the end of the war he came to New York and went into the saloon business liamsburg.

in 1871 he moved over to the Bowery and started a restaurant in the basement of one of the two buildings he now occupies. Within five years he had leased both build-ings and was occupying the ground floors of them both.

"It was a different Bowery in those days,

rob countrymen and fools in. They were comfortable places where a man could go in and listen to as good performers as there are on any vaudeville stage to-day while he drank his beer, which was served by pretty girl waitresses, who were as modest and careful about what they did as any waitresses in any lunch place in town to-day.

"There was no hotel attachment to any of these places and nobody ever heard of knockout drops being used in them. Folks went to them with their women and children.

"In those days things boomed down here, I remember one morning I came into this place at 5 o'clock and found that they had used up 400 quarts of champagne during the night.

"Those were days when the very best people in New York came to Lyons's. Many of them kept on coming even after the concert halls became disreputable and the theatres moved uptown. President Arthur used to have many of his famous dinness here, with Smith and French and those other high livers of his time. I had a private room upstairs for them.

"William C. Whitney and his crowd used to come here. As I say, the place was popular with the very best people in town then. But after awhile that trade began to fall off a little.

"I remodelled the place and made the restaurant all one floor, running across the two houses on the same level, and none of that high-class trade has ever been near me since. I spent \$25,000 and drove away the best customers I ever had by doing it."

Of course, Mr. Lyons realizes that his

high-class trade had to go some time, anyway, and it was to build up the new trade which he had to adapt himself to that he made the change. He is full of reminiscences of well-known men who have esten in his restaurant, but he is very careful to whom he confides them. Among some of his more intimate friends there is a tradition that Mr. Whitney and two or first other men of note in Wall Street boarded as Lyons's for several weeks during the peniod of 1873 and that their menu was commed to beef stews and coffee.

Mr. Lyons is proud of the fact that he has had two Presidents among his regular customers. President Roosevelt, when he was Police Commissioner, followed police traditions by eating at Lyons's and spent much time in discussing the excise puzzle with the proprietor.

There was a time, thirty years ago, when every afternoon a bread line like that of Fleischmann's bakery formed on the sidewalk outside of Lyons's. The neighbors complained. So now the dependents upon Mr. Lyons's charity gather at the door as 5 in the morning and get all the food that is left over from the day.

Food is given at such times only to women

AFTER A BALL.



"THE PIRRBUGE" CLUB."

the really deserving sufferers among even the shiftless poor. From 100 to 250 are fed as that door every morning or are supplied with food to take home to their children. And it is very seldom that the most unknowned of men beggars cannot have a hand-out, a sandwich made of left-over bread and meat, at Lyons's front door.

MR. LYONS'S FREE BOARDERS.

Long after midnight, sometimes not until S or 4 o'clock in the morning, the atmosphere of Lyons's takes another turn. Men of neat attire, quiet manners and quick glances from under tense eyelids, come in and sit unostentatiously in small groups away from other diners. They talk but little until their voices are loosened with drink,

and even then guardedly.
Just now, should you happen to over-hear them, there is but one motif in all their hum of conversation. It is: "Damn that crazy man Jerome!"

They are gamblers from the Tenderloin.
They learned their trade on the Bowery.

There is a report that when he went on the bonds of some policemen who have gone over the horizon he did require of them that they deposit in his safe the cash equivalent of the bond he signed for them. Not, as he explained, because he was afraid

"One of the boys came in to get him to give bail for a friend."

Mike Lyons never refused to go on a friend's bail bond. He has been on the bonds of some very distinguished policemen in his time. His signature at the bottom of a bond is always unhesitatingly accepted, because everybody knows that Mike Lyons never sold the use of his name.

There is a report that when he went on the Bowery or Broadway in this part of town except Nash & Crook's, away down near Grand street.

"There were a hundred or more concert saloons on both streets, a good many gambling houses of the old-fashioned sort and there were the theatres, Barnum's, biblio's Garden and all the rest. It was a saloons on both streets, a good many gambling houses of the old-fashioned sort and there were the theatres, Barnum's, Niblo's Garden and all the rest. It was a

high-class sort of people that we had down here then and they had no place to spend their money.

"The concert saloon then was not what

and children. Mrs. Lyons held that they were-

## "GO AND SEE EDDIE GLENNON."

AN EXPERIENCE WITH A BRACE GAME IN THE TENDERLOIN.

Lively Night of a Harlem Man-After Win in a Poolroom, Champagne After That, Faro-Then Quickly Fleeced Result of an Appeal to the Wardman

\*The stories in the newspapers about the phony gambling graft in New York never used to interest me, but I've been reading all of that kind of stuff that I've come across during the past couple of years, ever since I had a little personally conducted experi-ence at the game myself," said a Harlem man, the sedateness of whose life is broken only at long intervals. "I didn't lose out to the tune of any \$122,000, or whatever the sum was that this Broadway merchant that they're talking about is said to have sloughed off while frivoling with the brace games of the Tenderloin. I didn't lose anything worth mentioning, in fact, but my feelings were pretty well mussed during the long day on which I thought

I was all to the bad. "It happened two years ago this winter. and this was the way of it: One morning early in January, I think it was, I received a telegram from a friend of mine, a horseman, in New Orleans, advising me to take up the parlor carpet and put in all on Syncopated Sandy to win the first race on the New Orleans card.

I hadn't been fooling with them at all since the close of the season on the New York tracks. But a tip from so conservative an individual as I knew my friend the horseman to be looked pretty good. I pulled \$300 out of the bank and went down a room that I knew about.

\*The room was near Forty-second street It was on the second floor and had a 'real estate' sign painted on the door leading into the ground floor hall. The room isn't

When the betting came in on the first New Orleans race, Syncopated Sandy was the favorite at 8 to 5, and I slapped my \$300 onto Sandy at that figure, getting \$500 to \$300. Syncopated Sandy won the race "I stuffed the \$800 into my kick and started

the horseman in New Orleans his bit in a money order for putting me right. But I never made any Post Office. "I was feeling so much like a cut-up on account of the cute win that I couldn't see anything but the French suds, and I dropped into John L.'s place to get if Sul-

livan's establishment on Forty-second street

for a branch post office to mail my friend

grafters with whom I was on nodding terms there, and executed the Rube stunt of purchasing a few quarts for them.

"Then I drifted over to the Broadway flock of dead-game hotels, and things were getting mistier for me all the time. Being live one with that roll I was all to the good with the cheerful ones that I met, and I sat making rings on the tables for several hours in one of the carpeted hotel cafés. "Altogether, in all of these places, I spent,

say, \$75, and I remember that a dissipated New York ex-Congressman touched me for \$20 twenty minutes after I met him, and got it. He was a distinguished-looking man he's dead now-and a smooth spieler, and I wouldn't have refused him for any

"The remainder of that evening is a good deal of a smoke to me. A runner for a brace fare bank got next to me in the café, where the ex-Congressman swung me for the double sawbuck, and I went along with him. "I vaguely recalled on the dismal fext

day, what a dead-open-and-shut-you-loose game I had been up against. The dead ones all glided away from the fare table when I got in, and I dropped my \$700 so quick that it made me sneeze just as if I'd switched my woollens for summer gauze underwear.

"Then the boy with the straw hat with the hole in the crown asked me if I didn't want a little red-and-black, at the same time gazing significantly at my glisterinos. I tossed a \$300 solitaire ring that I happened to be wearing over to the dealer, and pushed me over \$200 worth of chips wherewith to tackle the rouge-et-noir. Nothing

doing, from the jump. "I pulled a \$200 sapphire and diamond pin out of my Ascot, passed it over to the brace dealer, a cigarette inhaler with a consumptive cough, and he measured me out \$100 worth of chips. The red-and-black ate that final \$100 up, too, right sudden, and then I was all in except a few dollars,

Nothing remained for me to do but to nudge out into the nippy night air. I did it, and the next morning I woke up in my bed in Harlem-just how I made it, ask

"When I came to I lay in hed for a long while, tracing the wall-paper's mystic maze with my eye, and thinking it over. I was just \$1,200 on the blut-\$700 in the yellow papers, a \$300 third-finger twink, and a \$200 scarf search-glim. It didn't take me long to arrive at the conclusion that I had been

"I knew that not even in the half-on-thelevel plants was it esteemed the proper quirk to let a soused man push over his giglamps for chips. So I hopped out of bed, determined to do a little something. I was alive then. I met a bundle of boozedidn't have any idea of sending up a screech

about the dough that I had dropped on the slag stack, but I made up my mind to get right busy hunting for those shiners-the weather was raw, and I was afraid of contracting pleurisy without them.

"But, my recollection of the location that I had traipsed on the night before was murky. I hitched up into my harness and went down to John L's to see if the old man could put me wise to the bogus banks in the street where I vaguely remembered to have been. 'Say, young feller,' said John L. to me

n his basso profundo when I asked him. here are more skins on that block than there are in a tanyard. You might as wel go home and git happy-you're out and off the grounds. "Just then, however, John L.'s mulatto porter, who had been listening to the talk

thile sweeping up, scrambled in. " 'Las' night,' he said to me, 'Ah saw yo all, suh, a-goin' into that place with a man, and he led me to the door and pointed out a

ouse with high steps. "Somehow, I recollected the place with the steps as soon as the dinge pointed it out to me. It was No. 180. I went over there to look the place over, and then I became certain in my own mind that that was the place. I remembered then that I had gone up two flights of stairs with the runner o the fare bank, and all of the details

came creeping back to me gradually. "I rang the bell at 180, and the darks who answered the ring fanned me when I began to question him, as I, of course knew he would. This was about noon I strolled over to the office of a man I knew on Sixth avenue. I knew him to be pretty wise in his day and date, and I wanted a

word or so of advice. " Go down and see Eddie Glennon, he said to me as soon as I had explained the situation.

"Yap-like, I asked him who the some thing or other Eddie Glennon was. Bill Devery's fair-haired che-ild, and the boss wardman of the Tenderloin,' said my friend, and then he tipped me off as to

the kind of power Glennon was. " Hand it to Eddie straight and mention me and he'll see you through,' said my friend, and I hopped a car and went down o the Thirtieth street station.

\*The big-mustached man behind the desk told me that Mr. Glennon 'ud be along presently, and I was shown into the private room. A stout, ruddy-cheeked man with a pair of penetrating eyes came into the private room a few moments later. " 'I'm Mister Glennon,' said he to

What's the trouble?' "I told him how I had get mine on night before, and where.

'One-eighty, eh?' said Glennon. 'Well, games, but you can wager that I wasn't

they're robbers. You've been sand-bagged. I've been trying to get at those people at One-eighty for some time. Will you appear against them?"
"Well, I ducked a little bit at that, which

made Mister Glennon more or less hostile.

"Say,' he inquired of me, 'what's the use of you people coming down here singing your hearse-chants if I can't get any of you grafters?'

"'All right,' said I, 'I'll do the appearing if there's any of it to be done.'

"That molified Glennen, who struck me

as being a pretty square sort of a chap-and, remember, I'm telling this thing just

and, remember, I'm telling this thing just exactly as it happened.

"At 9 o'clock to-night," said Glennon to me then, 'you go up to One-eighty and tell them that you want your stuff—all of it, understand?—the money as well as the jewelry.

'I told him that I'd be satisfied to get the jewelry back, and that I didn't want to be put in the light of boo-hoo-ing over the dough that I had lost.

"You demand the money as well as the jewelry, understand?" cut in Glennon, determinedly. 'It's not squealing to put up a holler for stuff that you've been phonied out of. If they don't instantly hand out to you the whole works, money and jewelry, you kite into the street and make for the nearest telephone and send word down to me—I'll be here until 10 o'clock—and I'll be up there and put the whole outfit in a wagon ten minutes after I hear from you.'

whole outfit in a wagon ten minutes. I hear from you.'
That sounded pretty good to me, and when I pondered on what I had heard about Glennon's making things stick I concluded that I was going to come pretty near getting something back out of the wreck. So I went up to Harlem and spent the rest of the day attending to my busi-

"Promptly at 9 o'clock that night, ac companied by the friend who had advised me to see Eddie Glennon, I rang the bell of One-eighty. I was in some doubt as to whether I'd be admitted without the password, which, of course, I didn't know, but when the dinge opened the door and looked me over he just grinned know-ingly and admitted me and my compan-

n without a word.
"Then he led me upstairs to a rear office Then he led me upstairs to a rear office on the second floor. There were two men in this office. One of them, seated at a desk, was the proprietor of the phony bank, a fellow named George something or other, who, I heard later, had killed a man in San Francisco on a very sight pretext. The other man I recognized instantly as the brace dealer who had dished them out

"They both nodded cordially to me when I entered the office, and the dealer ad-dressed me by my name, which puzzled me a lot, and still has me guessing more r less.
"We've been looking around the uptown

hotels for you all day, said the phony dealer to me, and then the man at the desk opened a drawer and handed me two envelopes.
"One of them was marked '\$600,' and I opened it and found six one-hundred dollar bills, \$100 less than I had lost at the brace. registering even an internal beef over that. The other envelope contained my ring and pin.
"'Have a pint?' inquired the man at the

"Have a pint? inquired the man at the desk, regarding me blandly, and ready to push a button on his desk.
"I told him I thought not.
"Smoke, then? said he, pulling a box of perfectos out of his desk, but I passed "If this thing was any easier, said I, stuffing the dough into my clothes and arraying myself in the miraculously reclaimed baubles, I wouldn't be able to

stand it."
"Oh, that's all right—don't mention it—said the man at the deak. We just observed that you were to the bad last night, y'know, and so we took what you had on you away from you, y'see, by letting you lose it, y'know, so's you wouldn't be rolled or touched before you got home, savvy?' Uh-huh-ye-es,' I said, and then I just

nodded myself out and down the steps into the street with my companion, who was grinning.

"Say, look a-here,' I said to him when
we had made the street, 'put me wise,
won't you-how did it all happen this way?

"He bit the end off a cigar and smiled

again.

"Well, I told you the right man to see
Eddie Glennon, didn't I?' said he, and that
was all I could get out of him.

"And I don't know how it happened yet "And I don't know how it appeared yet although I've got a surmise or two a-coming. The One-eighty people came pretty close to finding out on that day that I got my searching clothes on that it would be a pretty wise and witty thing for them to do to deliver the goods when I made my appearance. Say, who d'ye suppose could have told them?"

ROCKY MOUNTAIN CLUB. Eastern and Western Capitalists Buy Tract of Land in Wyoming.

Boston, Jan. 21,-Articles of incorpora tion of the Rocky Mountain Country Club were filed to-day with the Secretary of State Wyoming. It is an organization backed by Eastern and Western capitalists. The club is to be near Centennial, Wyo., in the heart of the tract of land bordering on the Laramie plains, which the Government is about to set aside as a forest preserve.

The membership of the club is limited to 100, and 325 acres of land have been leased, which assures the best of fishing and hunting. Plans are under way for the erection of a clubhouse, dorrnitory, stable, kennels, golf houses, bowling alleys and all other buildings common to the well-equipped country club. There will be golf links and a polo field. It is expected that the club will be ready for members by June, 1904.

The officers elected were: President, M. E. Dickinson, Boston; vice-president, Deforest. The membership of the club is limite

The officers elected were: President, M. E. Dickinson, Boston; vice-president, Deforest Richards, Wyoming; secretary, Charles Dickinson, Boston; treasurer, Isaac Van Horn, Boston; trustees, the president and treasurer, ex-officio, and Henry M. Whitney of Boston, Judge Irving F. Baxter of Omalia and Otto Gramm of Laramie,

IMITATION JEWELRY. Distinct and Useful Place Found for It

in Modern Fashiens. The range of jewelry has widened of late to include a host of knicknacks which though not of precious stones or metals, are so ornamental that even the wealthy consider it admissible to wear them.

Belt slides, and buckles, skirt clasps, hair fasteners, hat and veil pins and various safety pins for attaching sashes and rosettes, are among those belongings that women now count necessaries. And wonderful things are being done in the creation and imitation of gems for this description of jewelry.

The chippings and fragments of genuine stones and of semi-precious stones are fused together in the chemists' fires and noulded into brilliants for the modern demand. Science is making the most of every sort of vegetable, animal or mineral matter which can be made to glow, sparkle or take on color to the desirable degree. All the brilliant green stone, peridote,

cated. The foundation is the paste which orms the basis of mock diamends. The fine chemical emerald in the hat pin that holds on a togue of rich lace or fur gives out a ray almost as pretty as the gem it mocks. Moreover is a comfortable possession, for the wearer for she needs not

meralds, olivines are successfully dupli-

always be anxious as to its whereabouts when not in use.

The leaping coal-like lights in garnets, carbunoles and rubles are simulated in-geniously in the artificial gems. Tur-quoises afford pleasing models for imita-tion. The duplicates show the soft clear color that is like a fleck of heavenly blue

sky brought to earth.
The jacinth, byscinth, amethyst and aquamarine, the crystal clear stones whose coloring seems to depend on lights that come from the bottom, are readily counterfeited: and the imitations make satisfactory tops for vinaigrette bottles, the heads of pencils and slides for girdles. They also work in satisfactorily for parasol handles and for fancy match holders and cignwitte cosmi

of all the gems pearls are likeliest subjects for the duplicator's art. Even the acre, the peculiar fluid of the oyster from which the pearl is evolved, has been chemiwhich the pearl is evolved, has been chemi-cally reproduced and pearls are turned out like shot and with similar falicity, round and perfect. Formerly artificial pearls were blown and had a tell tale hib to show the operation, a flaw which caused the jeweller always to set them in a certain roution. The improved process should position. The improved process obviates this drawback, and pearl hair ornaments or neck chains are exhibited in charming

or neck chains are exhibited in charming variety and beauty.
Stones of a kind that old-fashioned people had set in paste to be brought out only on the occasion of masquerades and frolic-some parties are now set in rolled gold of more or less thickness and value and as part of a design that is intrinsically pleasing and appropriate.

TRAINS JAPANESE LADS.

A Trade School Started at the Nagama's Shipbuilding Works. That Japan is not running behind other That Japan is not running behind other nations in educational work of a technical kind is shown in reports of the work begun by Baron Twasaki, head of the great Mitsu. Bishi company of Tokio and Nagasaki, in educating Japanese lads at the Nagasaki shipbuilding yards of the concern.

He has recently started in connection with the plant a technical training school for boys, the idea being to turn out a number of well-trained young workmen every year.

every year.

The school already has several hu The school already has several hundred, pupils, who have been divided into four classes. They spend some of their time in classroom work and several hours a day are devoted to work of the apprentice ship sort. To help them in their studies the pupils have not only the advantage of a well-equipped library but also that of one of the best plants in the East to work in.

The Mitsu Bishi company has three company

The firm employs 5,000 men. It, giving an opportunity for getring an educar on to lads Baron Twasaki has exacted no parts at they will enter his employer.

## Don't Worry About Coal

for cooking, use Maggi Bouillon. A better and superior Soup can be made in a few minutes with het water and #

## Maggi Bouillon

then by hours over the range in the ordinary way w w Maggi Bouillon has a delicious flavor, comes in bottles, and is entirely devoid of the tinny taste, so often found in soups. F All grocers and druggists. P P P P P P